Lately publiſhed, Price Two Shillings,
A new Edition, with conſiderable Additions, of

THE

LOUSIAD:

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

By PETER PINDAR, Eſq.

Prima Syracoſio, dignata eſt ludere Verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius Aurem,
Vellit et admonuit—— VIRGIL.

I, who ſo *lately* in my lyric Lays,
Sung to the Praiſe and Glory of R— A——s;
And ſweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With *Ovid*'s Art, and Sappho's Warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring!) "MUSE *exalt* thy Wings,
"LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—GS."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets, ſelf-ſufficient grown,*
Reply'd "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own.*"

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LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnſon's Head, No. 46, Fleet Street; and W. FORSTER, Muſic-ſeller, No. 348, near Exeter 'Change, in the Strand. Where may be had, all the Author's other Pieces.—For a liſt, ſee the laſt page.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE

LOUSIAD:

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that His M——y actually diſcovered, ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of *ſuch* a *gueſt*, can be better *imagined* than *deſcribed*.

An edict was, in conſequence, paſſed for ſhaving the Cooks and Scullions, and the unfortunate Louſe condemned to DIE.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD. — With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as *critical* Reader will decide.

The *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *ſomewhat* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it,—and to exclaim at the ſame time, with all the *modeſt aſſurance* of an AUTHOR——

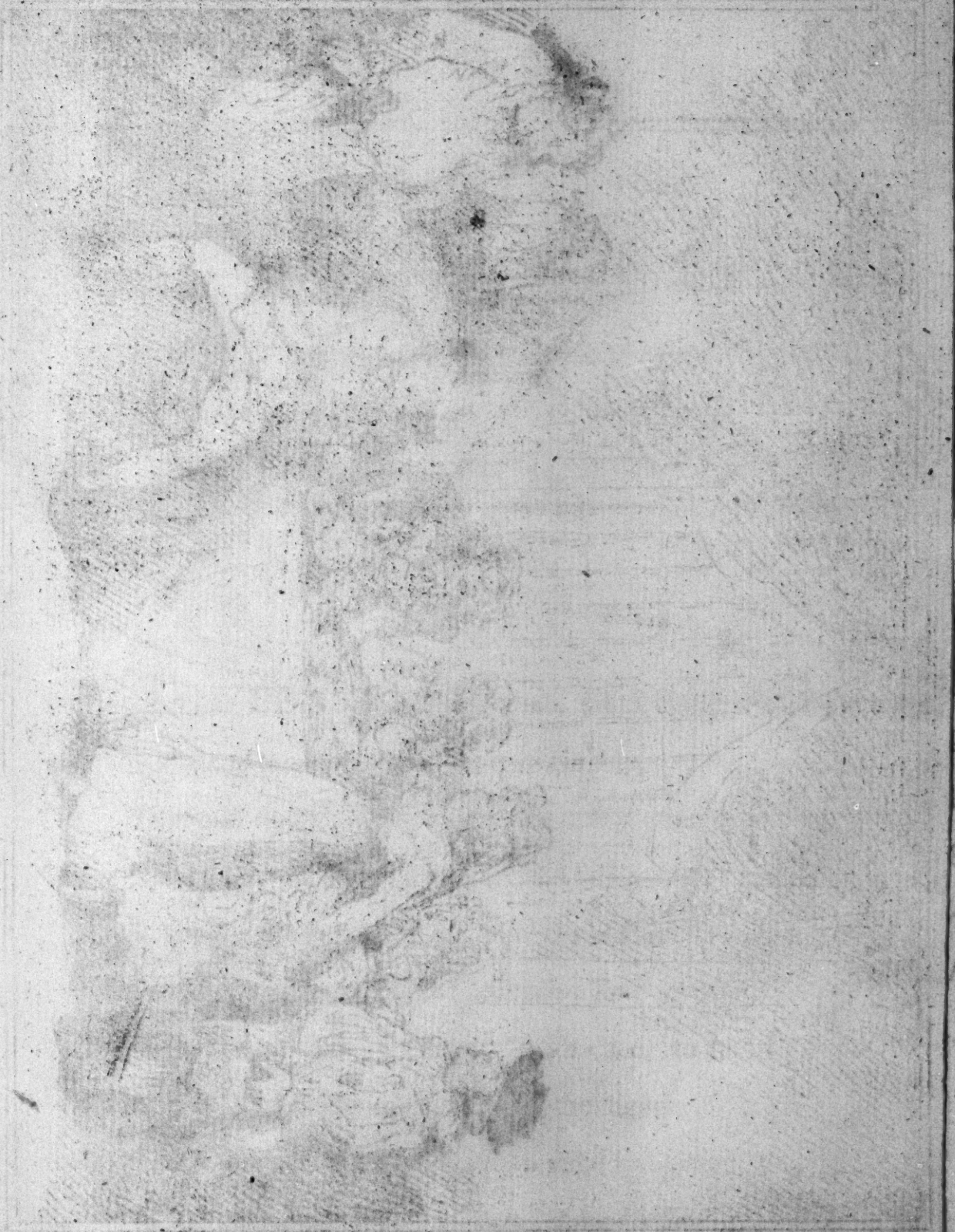
Cedite Scriptores Romani, cedite Graii—
Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the ſake of the *mere* Engliſh Reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated: —

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and ſmall,
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you ALL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author takes this opportunity of expreſſing his acknowledgements to Mr. WIGSTEAD for the very humorous exertion of his well-known abilities, in furniſhing the Plate which accompanies this Edition.



—— *is this, YOUR* LOUSE. *Lousiad Canto 1.st*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

THE LOUSE, I ſing, that, from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down,—(ſo will'd the dread decrees of Fate,)
With legs wide ſprawling on the M——ch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace:
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whoſe little feet he taught, with care, to tread
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny trav'lers *where* to *bite*;

To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes, ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native home;
Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
Like *him*, alas! not fated to *return*;
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his BOY *
And † WIFE again, and DOG ‡ that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckleſs LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children, as he ſprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's miſty brow,
The POET's eye, with ſorrow, ſaw a Cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and ſheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy ſteep;
No more to reign a Queen amongſt the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whoſe hiſtory, ſee the Odyſſey.

* She fell, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now on his legs, amidſt a thouſand woes,
The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity aroſe:
He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,
Beſide the *horror*, that the K*** might *eat* him—
The dread of gaſping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;
Or drowning 'midſt the ſauce in diſmal dumps,
Was full enough to make him ſtir his ſtumps.
Vain hope! of ſtealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood,
Our hungry K*** amus'd himſelf with food;
Which proves (tho' ſcarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
They feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff than *air*.

* —— moriens dulces reminiſcitur Argos. VIRG.

Paint,

Paint, heav'nly muſe, the look, the *very* look,
That of the S——n's face, poſſeſſion took,
When firſt he ſaw the LOUSE, in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a Britiſh King ſurprize,
And, like a pair of ſaucers, ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
Good Lord! (as Somebody ſublimely ſings,)
What great effects ariſe from *little things!*
As many a loving ſwain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well!*

Not with more *horror*, did his eyes behold,
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was juſt in chains:
Not with more *horror*, did his eye-balls work
Convulſive on the patriotic Burke,

When

When guilty of œconomy, the *crime!*
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true ſublime,*
And, cat-like, watchful of the fleſh and fiſh,
Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a diſh—
Saw ev'ry ſlice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no ſneaking ſcale)
The Monarch's belly like a caſk of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his ſcheme of ſtate-ſalvation,
To *ſtarve* * the PALACE, was to *ſave* the NATION:
Not more *aghaſt* he look'd, when 'midſt the courſe,
He tumbled, in a ſtag-chace, from his horſe,
Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

* His M——y was really reduced ſomet ime ſince to a moſt mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the royal children, *expended,* the K—g ordered a ſupply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *poſitively allow no more.* Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* diſappointment, he furiouſly put his hand in his pocket, took out ſixpence, ſent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the *change.*

Not VENISON EATERS at the vaniſh'd FAT,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more *horror* ſtares the rural MAID,
By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a *dire blank* ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty thouſand prize,
With which the ſimple damſel meant, no doubt,
To bleſs her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more *horror*, ſtares each lengthen'd feature,
Of ſome fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
When of a wanton chimney-ſweeping wag,
The Beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty bag:
Not with more *horror*, did the Devil look,
When Dunſtan by the noſe the dæmon took,
(As gravely ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;

Not

Not Lady Worſley, chaſte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like David, that moſt amorous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet Bethſheba without a rag on:

Not more the great * *SAM HOUSE* with *horror*, ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it, mid'ſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of Fox and Freedom ſtopp'd the glorious note.

* In Weſtminſter Hall, where the *ſenſe* (the Author was juſt about to ſay *non-ſenſe*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not

Not with more *horror*, BILLY RAMUS * ſtar'd,
When PUFF †, the P—ce's hair-dreſſer, appear'd
Amidſt their eating room, with dread deſign,
To *ſit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*
Not with more *horror*, GLOSTER'S DUCHESS ſtar'd,
When (bleſt in Metaphor!) the K*** declar'd,
That not of all her *mongrel breed, one whelp*
Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp:*

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and conſtantly called by His M—y *Billy Ramus.* One of the Pages who ſhaves the S——n, airs his ſhirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-gh-eſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the P—ce, with his uſual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the K— and P—ce, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a *hair-dreſſer.* The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have loſt their *Caſt*, have not held up their heads *ſince.*

Not

Not more, that man ſo *ſweet*, ſo *unprepar'd*,
The *gentle* SQUIRE of * LEATHERHEAD, was *ſcar'd*,
When after prayers ſo *good*, and *rare* a ſermon,
He found his FRONT attack'd by Harriet Vernon;
Who meant (Thaleſtris-like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her FOOT, in thunder on his REAR;
Who, in † GOD's houſe, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face,
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp as taylor's ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears:
Not Atkinſon ‡ with ſtronger terror ſtarted
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *ſalival* aſſault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's airing on the pillory is ſufficiently known to the public.

When Juſtice, a ſly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her ſerious compliments to KIT,
Aſk'd him a few ſhort queſtions about *corn*,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was *forſworn*,
Then hinted that he probably would find,
That tho' ſhe ſometimes *wink'd*, ſhe was not *blind*,

Not more Aſturias' * Princeſs *look'd affright*,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the *unpolite*,
Hurl'd, *madly* heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;
Becauſe the fair-one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the *ſelfiſh Prince* had fix'd his ſoul:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd that Prince to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud Proboſcis of his ſon,

* This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh Monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

(Juſt like a TYGER of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade,)
And led him, till *that* SON its durance freed,
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes)
Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,
Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are *ſtiff* ſtuff)
To aſk *no* pardon, tho' the SNOUT came *off*:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd *that* Spaniſh * King,
Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main;
Nor Doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;

* His Moſt Catholic Majeſty's ſhooting merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT; and it is well known, that even on thoſe days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtuffed with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary for the deſtruction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor

Nor Doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off Kit M'Auley.

What dire emotions ſhook the M——ch's ſoul!
Juſt like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilſt anger all his royal HEART poſſeſt,
That ſwelling, wildly bump'd againſt his breaſt,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,
T' avenge, with all its powers, the dire diſgrace,
And nobly ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion to my mind)
Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

" O deareſt partner of my throne!" (he cries,
Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

" Thou

" Thou brighteſt gem of G---ge's Royal Houſe,
" Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE!"
The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd, " Good la!"
And with a ſmile the dappl'd STRANGER ſaw.
Each P—ceſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And with another ſmile exclaim'd, " Good me!"
" O la! Good me! is that all you can ſay?"
(Our gracious M——ch cry'd, with huge diſmay.)
" Heav'ns! can a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
" Upon your M——y's and Children's face,
" Whilſt that vile Louſe (ah! ſoon to be unjointed!)
" Affronts the preſence of the LORD's ANOINTED?"

Daſh'd, as if tax'd with Hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The Q—— and P——ſſes drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And very prudent, '*word ſpake never more.*'
Sweet MAIDS! the beauteous boaſt of Britain's iſle—
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs LIPS forbid to ſmile?

LIPS! that the ſoul of ſimple Nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!
LIPS OF DELIGHT! unſtain'd by Satire's gall!
LIPS! that I never *kiſs'd*—and *never ſhall.*

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a mouſe,
The *pious* M——CH cry'd, "Is this *your* Louſe?"
"Ah! Sire," (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)
"An't pleaſe your M——y, it is not *mine.*"
"*Not thine?*" (the haſty Monarch cry'd agen)
"What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"

Now at this ſad event, the S——n, ſore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;
His *wiſer* Q——n, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck moſt devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For GERMANS are a very *hearty* SORT,
Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,
Who bear (which ſhews their hearts are not of *ſtone*)
The ills of *others* better than *their own.*

Grim

Grim TERROR ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the Pages,
Of different ſizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their penſions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's ſons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which*, we can't determine,
The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin:
" Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)
" That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies!*
" Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
" Or G—GE ſhall play the devil in the Houſe.
" Some SPIRIT whiſpers, that to *Cooks* I owe
" The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below;
" By Heav'n! the *whiſp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,
" And ſoon dire vengeance ſhall their locks purſue.
" Cooks, ſcourers, ſcullions too, with tails of pig,
" Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roar'd the K—G,—not Hercules ſo BIG;
And all the Palace echo'd—" WEAR A WIG!"

FEAR,

FEAR, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd Cooks—
And daſh'd the beef and ven'ſon from their looks;
Whilſt from each cheek, OLD PORT withdrew his RED,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roaſts* and *fries*;
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high paſſion glowing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER'S, when *blowing*.
A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied by two comely ſtrings about his waiſt:
AN APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe, his velvet breeches—
AN APRON! that in Monmouth-ſtreet, high hung,
Oft to the winds with *ſweet deportment* ſwung.

" Ye ſons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!"
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
" By this white APRON, that no more can hope
" To join the piece in Mr. INKLE'S ſhop;

" By

" That oft hath held the beſt of Palace meat,
" And from this forehead, wip'd the briny ſweat;
" I ſwear, *this* HEAD *diſdains* to loſe its locks,
" And *thoſe* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS.
" *Whoſe* head, my Cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures?
" Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*?
" Ten thouſand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch'd*,
" For ever *itching*, but be never *ſcratch'd*.
" Oh! may the charming perquiſite of greaſe,
" The Mammon of your pocket, ne'er *increaſe*;—
" GREASE! that ſo frequently hath brought you coin,
" From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR LOIN.
" O brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks——
" Lo! to *no* KING on earth I yield theſe locks.
" Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd!—
" But *few* or *many*, they ſhall not be *ſhear'd*.

" Sooner ſhall Madam Schwellenberg * the jade
" Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade,

* Miſtreſs of the Robes to Her Majeſty.

" Give up her ſacred Majeſty's old GOWNS,
" CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS:
" SHE! who for ever ſtudies MISCHIEF—SHE,
" Who ſoon will be as buſy as a bee,
" To get the liberty of locks *enſlav'd*,
" And every harmleſs Cook and Scullion *ſhav'd*;—
" SHE, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
" By ſome inſinuating tongue betray'd,
" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taſte,
" Grows, (luckleſs) ſomewhat *bigger in the* WAIST;
" Rants, ſtorms, ſwears, turns the penitent to door,
" Grac'd with the pretty names of B--ch and W——,
" To range a proſtitute upon the town,
" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown:*
" But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,
" Whoſe *Noſe* grows *ſharper*, and whoſe *Shape tells tales*;
" *Huſh'd* is th' affair!—the Q—-, and SHE, *good* Dame,
" Both club their wits, to hide the growing ſhame:
" To wed her, get ſome fool—I mean ſome *wiſe man*;
" Then dub the prudent Cuckold, an *Exciſeman*:

" SHE!

" SHE! who hath got more inſolence and pride,
" God mend her heart! than half the world beſide:
" SHE! who, of guttling fond, ſtuffs down more meat,
" Heav'n help her ſtomach! than ten men can eat!
" *Ten men!* aye, *more* than *ten*, the *hungry* HAG!
" Why, zounds! the WOMAN's Stomach's like a BAG:
" SHE! who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
" And tell the K—g damn'd lies about the LOUSE;
" When probably that Louſe (a vile old trull!)
" Was born and nouriſh'd in her own grey ſcull.

" Sooner the room ſhall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
" Where oft ſhe charms her maſter with her *wit*—
" Tells tales of ev'ry *body*, ev'ry *thing*,
" From honeſt courtiers to the thieves who *ſwing*—
" Waits on her S——n while he reads *Diſpatches*,
" And wiſely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS or WATCHES:

* Buxom Nanny—a female ſervant of the Palace, who *conſtantly* attends the K—g when he reads the diſpatches.

" Sooner

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income mend!)
" Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, and his friend—
" Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
" And hear her ſinking voice, without a ſigh:
" Break for the wealth of REALMS, his ſacred word,
" And let the world write *Coward* on his ſword:
" Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part!
" And STUFFING, leave a calf's or bullock's heart!
" Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſtard!
" And from the codlin tart be torn the cuſtard:
" Sooner theſe hands the glorious haunch ſhall ſpoil,
" And all our melted butter turn to oil:
" Sooner our pious K—g, with pious face,
" Sit down to dinner without ſaying grace;
" And ev'ry night, ſalvation pray'rs put forth,
" For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
" Sooner ſhall faſhion order frogs and ſnails,
" And diſh-clouts ſtick eternal to our tails.
" Let G—-GE view MINISTERS with *ſurly* LOOKS,
" *Abuſe* 'em, *kick* 'em — but *revere* his COOKS!"

" What,

" What, looſe our locks!" (reply'd the roaſting CREW)
" To Barbers yield 'em? — Damme if we *do!*
" Be *ſhav'd* like *foreign* DOGS, one daily meets,
" Naked and blue, and ſhiv'ring in the ſtreets?
" And from the Palace be *aſham'd* to *range*,
" For fear the world ſhould think we had the *mange*;
" By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
" Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"

" Rouze, OPPOSITION!" (roar'd a *tipſy* COOK,
With hands *a kimbo*, and bubonic look)
" 'Tis SHE alone, our noble curls can keep—
" Without HER, MINISTERS would fall aſleep:
" 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
" And ſharpens, whetſtone-like, the NATION'S Wits:
" Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
" And, broom-like, ſweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE:
" Like ſulphur in a caſk, expels *bad air*,
" And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair*;

" Acts, like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd ſoot,
" Preſerves the chimney and the houſe to boot:
" Or, like a ſchool-boy's WHIP, that keeps up TOPS:
" The ſinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
" Our M——h muſt not be indulg'd *too far*;
" Beſides! I love a little bit of war.
" Whether to crop our curls, he boaſts a right,
" Or not, I do not care the Louſe's *bite*—
" But then, *no Force-work!* No! *No Force*, by Heav'n!
" *COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS!* we will not be *driv'n.*
" Try but to force a PIG *againſt his will*,
" Behold! the *ſturdy* GENTLEMAN *ſtands ſtill!*
" Or, perhaps (his pow'r, to let the driver know)
" Gallops the *very* road he ſhould not go—
" *No force* for *me!* the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
" E'en let *them* loſe their *freedom*, and eat frogs—
" Damme! I hate each pale ſoupe-meagre thief—
" Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF."

He

He ſpoke—and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And, ſwearing, manful flung to earth the QUID.
Yet ſwelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—
Now ſounds confus'd, his ANGER made him utter,
And when he thought on *ſhaving*, curſes, ſputter.
Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals, *BUBBLE call, and SQUEAK,
When 'midſt the FRYING-PAN, in accents ſavage,
The BEEF *ſo ſurly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.
" Be ſhav'd," a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS:

* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more *natural* and more *ſublime*, than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illuſtrating the *motions* and *emotions* of his Hero ULYSSES. (Vid. ODYSSEY.

Loud as th' * EXCISEMAN, ſtruggling for his life,
And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife;
When, on his face, the *ſmuggling Princeſs* ſprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.

" Be ſhav'd like *pigs*", rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,
His diſhclout ſhaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—
" What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
" And, curſe me! dread the rage of theſe ten toes."
So ſaying, with an oath to *raiſe* one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot, the yielding air—
Thus have I ſeen an ASS (baptiz'd a JACK)
Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,

* This affair happened a few years ſince—An Exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almoſt ſcratched his eyes out—the Exciſeman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *diſgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his Couſin the Princeſs, but could not conceive how the hand of a FAIR LADY could diſhonour the face of an Exciſeman.

Prance, ſnort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In Imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY:
" Be ſhav'd!" (an underſtrapper TURNBROCHE cried,
In all the foaming energy of pride)
" Zounds! let *us* take his M——Y in hand!—
" The K*** ſhall find he lives at *our* command:
" Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous ſtate,
" His teeth and ſtomach on *our wills* ſhall wait:
" *We rule* the platters, *we command* the ſpit,
" And G***** ſhall have his *meſs* when *we* think fit;
" *Stay* till *ourſelves* ſhall condeſcend to *eat*,
" And then, if *we think proper*, have his *meat*."
Thus, having fed on veniſon *rather coarſe*,
A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,
The TARTAR quits his ſmoaky hut with Scorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating MONARCHS like his ſlaves or ſwine,
Informs them, they have *liberty* to *dine*.

" Heav'ns!" (cried a YEOMAN, with much learning grac'd)—
In *Books* as well as *meat*, a man of *taſte*,
Who read with *vaſt* applauſe, the daily NEWS,
And kept a *cloſe* acquaintance with the MUSE;
Conundrum, Rebus, made—Acroſtic, Riddle,
And ſung his dying Sonnets to his Fiddle,
When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring THIEF,
His heart had ſpitted, like a piece of BEEF.
" Are theſe (he ſaid) of KINGS, the whims, and jokes?
" Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common folks*.
" DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head ſhe makes,
" No more concern, about the *Inſide*, takes,
" Than of the *Inſide* of a Bug's or Bat's,
" A Flea's, a Graſhopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!
" As careleſs as the ARTIST, *trunks* deſigning,
" About the trifling circumſtance of LINING;
" Whether, of Cumberland he uſe the Plays,
" Miſs Burney's Novels, or Miſs Seward's Lays;

" Or

" Or ſacred Dramas of Miſs Hannah More,

" Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, ſnore;

" Or good SQUIRE PINDAR's odes, or Wharton's ſtick,

" Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,

" Who furious drives, at times, his old gooſe-quill,

" On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;

" Whether he doom, the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,

" Or *thoſe* of Lords and Commons to the King;

" Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant

" So *eaſy*, *freely*, *friendly*, *complaiſant*,

" As if the *Caſh* were really all *their own*,

" To purchaſe * *Knick-nacks*, that diſgrace a throne.

" Ah, me! did people know what *trifling things*,

" Compoſe thoſe idols of the Earth, call'd *K——s*,

* The Civil Liſt, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from *Toys*—For an inſtance we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-deſcript of a Time-piece at the Queen's Houſe, which coſt nearly two thouſand pounds.—The ſame artiſt is alſo allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *Bauble* in repair.

" Thoſe

" Thoſe counterparts of that *important fellow*,
" The Childrens' *wonder* — SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;
" Who ſtruts upon the ſtage his hour away;
" His *outſide*, gold — his *inſide*, rags and hay;
" No more, as God's Vicegerents, would they ſhine,
" Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

" Thoſe LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have ſeen,
" Sunk, by the mereſt trifles, with the ſpleen —
" Oft, for an ill-dreſt egg, have heard them groan,
" And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
" At ſalt or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,
" And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room*.

* This is partly a picture of the *laſt* reign as well as the PRESENT. The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind — his hat and his favourite Miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours — nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues — ubi plura nitent, non ego *paucis* offendar maculis.

" Alas!

" Alas! how often have we heard them *grunt*,
" Whene'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a HUNT!
" Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
" Mere RIDING DISHCLOUTS, homeward have they jogg'd;
" Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and pow'r)
" Of NATURE's diuretic ſtream — a SHOW'R!
" *This*, we the ACTORS in the *Farce*, *perceive*;
" But *this*, the *diſtant* world will ne'er believe —
" Who fancy K—GS to all the *Virtues* born:
" Ne'er by the vulgar ſtorms of PASSION torn;
" But, bleſt with ſouls ſo calm! like Summer ſeas,
" That ſmile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
" Who think that K—GS on wiſdom always fed,
" Speak *ſentences*, like BACON's brazen HEAD;
" Hear from their lips the *vileſt* nonſenſe fall,
" Yet think ſome HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates *all*;
" Conceive their bodies of cœleſtial clay,
" And, tho' all *ailment*, *ſacred* from *decay*;

" To nods and ſmiles their *gaping* homage bring,
" And thank their GOD their eyes have ſeen a KING!
" Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
" Pours out his words as faſt as hail, or faſter,
" To COUNTRY SQUIRES, and *wives* of COUNTRY SQUIRES;
" Like STUCK PIGS, ſtaring, how each Oaf *admires!*
" Lo! ev'ry ſyllable becomes a GEM!
" And if, by chance, the M——h *cough*, or *hem*,
" Seiz'd with the ſymptoms of a deep ſurprize,
" Their joints with *rev'rence* tremble, and their eyes
" Roll wonder firſt; then, ſhrinking back with fear,
" Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.
" How taken is this *idle* WORLD by *ſhow!*
" BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow;
" Preferring (ev'n with ſoul as black as ſoot)
" A ROGUE on *horſeback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.
" See FRANCE, ſee PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
" And mark the *Deſert* of each DESPOT's brain;

" Whoſe

" Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat with taunts, a FOOL;
" Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
" What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a ſteeple,
" Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
" Go, like the * King of Babylon, to graſs,
" Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!
" However *modern* KINGS may COOKS deſpiſe,
" WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST'RY *lies*—
" PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-ſteaks* to quell his hunger:
" The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!——
" And Charles of Sweden, 'midſt his guns and drums,
" Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
" Be *ſhav'd!*—No!—Sooner, pill'ries, jails, the ſtocks,
" Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS ſnatch my locks."
" Well haſt thou ſaid, a SCOWRER bold rejoin'd—
" Damme! I love the man who ſpeaks his mind."

* Nebuchadnezzar.

Then

Then in his arms the ORATOR he took,
And ſwore he was an ANGEL of a COOK.
A while he held him with a CORNISH hug;
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a PEWTER MUG,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
" A health to COOKS, (he cry'd, and wav'd the pot)
" And he who ſighs for TITLES, is a *ſot*—
" Let DUKES and LORDS the world in *wealth*, ſurpaſs—
" Yet many a LION's ſkin conceals an Ass.
" Lo! this is one amongſt my golden rules,
" To think the GREATEST MEN the GREATEST FOOLS:
" The GREAT are judges of an opera ſong—
" And fly a BRITON's, for a EUNUCH's tongue;
" Can ſtarve their families to hear BABINIS,
" *Gaunt* PACCHAROTTIS, *fat-rump'd ſquab* RAUZZINIS;
" Thus idly ſquand'ring for a *ſquawl* their riches,——
" To *faint* with rapture at thoſe CATS IN BREECHES.

" Accept

" Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man
" Who firſt a SPIT found out, or FRYING-PAN,
" Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
" Than all the *tawdry* TITLES ſince the flood:
" TITLES! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,
" The ſcorn of SAGES, and the boaſt of FOOLS."
He ended—All the COOKS exclaim'd, " *divine!*"
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas " *damn'd fine!*"
Thus ſpoke the SCOWRER, like a MAN *inſpir'd*,
Whoſe ſpeech, the HEROES of the kitchen, fir'd:
GROOMS, MASTER SCOWRERS, SCULLIONS, SCULLION'S MATES,
With all the OVERSEERS of knives and plates,
Felt their brave ſouls, like FRISKY CYDER, work,
Whizzing in oppoſition to the CORK:
Earth's POTENTATES appear'd *ignoble things*,
And COOKS of greater conſequence than KINGS;

Such is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
And *ſuch*, the rage that injur'd WORTH excites!
The SCOWRER's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon, bleſt,
Inflam'd with god-like ardour all the reſt:
Thus if a BARN, Heav'n's vengeful lightning, draw;
The flame ætherial, ſtrikes the kindling ſtraw:
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And (if unfortunately mouſing) cats;
All feel the wide—devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

" SONS of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,
" Your noble ſpeeches prove you bleſt with BRAIN;
" BRAIN! that DAME NATURE gives not *ev'ry* head,
" But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead!—
" Yet ere for OPPOSITION we prepare,
" And fight the GLORIOUS CAUSE of HEADS of HAIR,

" Methinks

" Methinks 'twould be but *decent* to *petition*,

" And tell the K—g, with *firmneſs*, our CONDITION:

" Soon as our *ſad* complaint, he hears us utter,

" His gracious heart may melt away like butter;

" Fair MERCY ſhine amidſt our gloomy houſe,

" And anger'd M——Y forget the LOUSE."

END OF CANTO I.

11 7 49

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS many people perſiſt in their incredulity with reſpect to the attack made by the Barbers on the Heads of the harmleſs Cooks, I ſhall exhibit a Liſt of the unhappy ſufferers;—it is the Palace Liſt, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

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fierce as staring Ajax, from his Seat,
Wrapp'd with Vengeance, seen the King of Meat

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the ſacred fount, around whoſe brink
Bards ruſh in droves, like cart horſes, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidſt your ſtreams ſo clear,
And whilſt they gulp it, wiſh it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to poſſeſs, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouſe for their Hippocrene;
And bleſt with beef, their ghoſtly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouſe their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,

Aſſiſt me—ye who themes ſublime purſue,
With ſcarce a ſhift, a ſtocking, or a ſhoe,
Such pow'r have ſatires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unſucceſsful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapleſs cuckows, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verſe of various quality,
And, from their priſons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy bluſh, O SHAME!
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame;
Like ſouls of Papiſts in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way houſe, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?

Yet

Yet let me ſay again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a ſtate ſublime;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their ſacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whoſe eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:
Bleſt State! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print each monthly magazine;
And deck the ſhops with ſweet engravings dreſt,
'Midſt angels, ſinners, ſaints of Mr. WEST;
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble, buſtling hodge-podge ſhall appear
From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen ſplendors on the view;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On penthouſe high, in Piccadilly ſtare,

* A whole acre of canvaſs ſo daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a braſs foundery.

Where

Where lions ſeem to roar, and tygers growl,
Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And by their gogling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what ſhaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-aſs many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, aſtride his braying hack,
He moves ſublime on Pegaſus's back:
Ye MUSES, oft by brainleſs poets ſought
To bid the ſtanza chime and ſwell with thought;
Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would ſave
Their whining puppies from the ſullen wave;
Aſſiſt me!—ye who viſit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with ſcorn (far *nobler* knowledge ſtudying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding:

Who make our Sapphos of their verſes vain,
And fancy all Parnaſſus in their brain;
And 'midſt the buſtle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madneſs for your inſpirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taſte a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine;
When bleſt at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL's glaſs,
That brings from diſtant worlds a horſe, an aſs,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, ſtockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;
Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings ſoon,
Unſated feaſt on wonders in the moon;
Where Herſchell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
And happy Nature's true ſublime explores;
Whilſt thou ſo modeſt (wonderful to tell!)
On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, graſshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow ſpittle,
In ſhort, delighted with the world of *little*,

Which Weſt ſhall paint, and grave Sir Joſeph Banks
Receive from thy hiſtoric mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals * crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuſe us all.

And thou, great PATRON † of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun:
Auſpicious PATRON of the paunch, and backs
Of thoſe all-daring raſcals chriſt'ned quacks,
To whom our purſe and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human ſpecies under:

GOD of thoſe gentlemen of gingling brains,
Who, for *their own amuſement*, print their ſtrains,
O aid, as lofty Homer ſays, my *nous*,
To ſing ſublime the Monarch and the Louſe!

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

NYMPHS,

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *firſt* heroic chapter
I ſhould have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not ſo clever;
But, ſays the proverb, "better *late* than *never*."

Well! ſince I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conſcience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little ſprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As ſharp as weaſels hunting eggs or mice;—
Who, when the light'nings flaſh, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair briſtle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our ſaint-like eyes with dread devotion:
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
And promiſe miracles to be forgiv'n:
Bids ſpectres riſe, not very like the Graces,
With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;

With ſcenes of fires of glowing brimſtone ſcares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roaſting, broiling, frying, fricaſſeeing,
The Soul, that ſad offending little *Being:*
That ſtubborn ſtuff of ſalamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O Conscience! thou ſtrait jacket of the ſoul,
The madding ſallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring Truth's neglected form before his eye,
Fair Maid! to towns and courts a ſtranger grown,
And now to rural ſwains almoſt unknown,
Whoſe company was once their prudent choice;
Who once delighted, liſt'ned to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* paſſion ſtrove,
And Constancy went hand in hand with Love.
Sweet Truth, who ſteals through lonely ſhades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her ſong;

Whilſt

Whilſt FALSEHOOD, rais'd by ſycophantic tricks,
Unbluſhing flaunts it in a coach and ſix.

CONSCIENCE, who bid'ſt our Monarch from the nation,
Send ſons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapleſs CAM and ISIS, loſt to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where ſimple Science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So ſays the RULER of us Engliſh fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's ſchools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O moſt wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys ſhall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——
Through *Thee*, beſides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads ſhall get their board and lodging cheap;

And learn, like their good parents, to ſubſiſt
Within the limits of the Civil Liſt;
Who ſeldom bid a Miniſter implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'ſt from his wonted ſtate a PRINCE retire,
And, like a ſubject, humbly ſeek the ſhade,
That not a tradeſman might remain unpaid:
An action that the ſoul of ENVY ſtings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ſt a Monarch by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd * Di'mond to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently ſought to bribe his GRACE:
Where too the cradle and the bed ſhall reſt,
That on the ſame damn'd errand left the Eaſt—

* Such is the ſtory of the late ſly Bulſe that ſtole into St. James's.

Thus

Thus fall of gems and pearl, the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CONSCIENCE! who mak'ſt our King (how very ſtrange!)
Keep a fair drawer of halfpence to give change:
Reſolv'd, (ſo ſtrictly in his dealings true)
That none ſhall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR's due.

CONSCIENCE! who now can'ſt, like a cart horſe, draw,
Now lifeleſs ſinking, ſcarcely lift a ſtraw:
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times can'ſt like a lion roar
For one poor ſixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'ſt ſnore,
Tho' rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors riſe:
Whoſe eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blaſt* a name.

O CON-

O Conscience! who didſt bid to madneſs work,
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapleſs Yorke,
And mad'ſt him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckleſs ſpoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wanted'ſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky;
Whoſe damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart!
Poor Yorke! without a ſtone, whoſe reliques lie,
Tho' Virtue mark'd the murder with a ſigh!

O Conscience! who to Clive did'ſt give the knife
That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawleſs plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd Asia's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
From gaſping Nature forc'd the bluſhing flood;
Whilſt Havock, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one a piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them ſound the labours of the Muſe:
Give to the magazines a trumpet each,
And let the ſwelling note to doomſday reach:
To daily newſpapers a trumpet give:
Thus ſhall my epic ſtrain for ever live:
Thus ſhall my book deſcend to diſtant times,
And rapt poſterity reſound my rhymes.
By future BEAUTIES ſhall each tome be preſt,
And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour gueſt.

Thee, deareſt FAME, ſome mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good ſale;
Or riſe to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Tho' deaf as adders to thy charms of ſong:
Juſt as the hypocrites ſay pray'rs, ſing pſalms,
Beſtow upon the blind, and cripple, alms;

Yield glory to the Pow'R who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But, ſneaking raſcals, to obtain—when dead—
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their ſpouſes,
The vagrants quit their ſublunary houſes.

With tireſome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on---
Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wond'rous buſy o'er a plate of ham:
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-aſs big;
In woods of *Weſtphaly* by hunters ſmitten,
And ſent a preſent to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muſes, ſay
Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
If antient poets mention but a horſe,
We read his genealogy of courſe:

O ſay,

O ſay, ſhall horſes boaſt the deathleſs line,
And o'er a *Lady*'s lineage ſleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman ſaw the light without much pother;
That is—no grand commotions ſhook our earth——
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To ſay to what perfection ſhe was born:
What wit, what wiſdom ſhould the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in cluſters hung,
To tell the future ſweetneſs of her tongue:
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the ſoul of innocence and love:
No ſmiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To ſhow the future conqueſts of the maid;
Whoſe charms would make the jealous ſex her foes,
And with their light'nings blaſt a thouſand beaus.
Indeed, the Muſe muſt own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;

For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greateſt palace upon earth?
Yes!---a black cat around the bantling ſquawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the houſe appall'd:
Now here, now there, he ſprung with viſage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiſs the child:
Bats pour'd in hideous hoſts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a ſudden gloom;
Then to the cradle ruſh'd the dark'ning throng,
And raptur'd ſhriek'd congratulating ſong;
Which ſong, in concert with the ſquawls of puſs,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz firſt this dame the light eſpy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,

As

As well as with your folks of fortune, ſtruts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of ſtraw, or beds of ſtate;
Or monkies vile, whoſe tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with Ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail PROTEUS PRIDE, whoſe various pow'rs of throat
Can ſwell the trumpet's loud and faucy note;
And if a meaner air can ſerve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring ſounds of Jews-harps, mourn!
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject who can'ſt lick a patron's ſpittle;
Whine like a ſneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inſide out,
And wear it, Merry Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a ſingle ruſh,
But bear its pointed ſcorn, without a bluſh.

Yet fain wou'dſt thou the crouching world beſtride,
Juſt like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly ſtretch'd his legs from ſhore to ſhore,
And ſaw of Greece the loftieſt navy travel,
In dread ſubmiſſion, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride---great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boaſt a grace,
That deign'd to pay a viſit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, ſhe muſt allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one ſparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
This Nymph, a mantuamaker, was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapneſs by our ſaving Queen,

Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a moſt important ſphere---
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louſe's tale,
At once ſhe turn'd, like walls of plaſter, pale.
But firſt the ham of *Weſtphaly* ſhe gobbled,
And then to ſeek the LORD's ANOINTED, hobbled.
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' ſon of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh---,
In all the bitterneſs of wrath, ſhe found;
The Queen and Royal children ſtaring round.

" O *Swelly*," thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
Whilſt wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
For lo! the *ſolemn* Monarch, of graceful ſpeech,
The KING long ſince had bid to kiſs his b---h.

The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pye.

" O *Swelly*, *Swelly*," cry'd the furious King,
" What! what a dirty, filthy, nafty thing!
" That thus you come to eaſe my angry mind,
" Indeed is very, very, very, very kind,
" What's your opinion, hæ?" the Monarch rav'd---
" Yes, yes, the cooks ſhall ev'ry one be ſhav'd---
" What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray---
" Shan't I be right in't---What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
" Yes, yes, I'm ſure on't, by the Louſe's looks,
" That he belong'd to ſome-one of the cooks---
" Speak, *Swelly*; ſhan't we ſhave each filthy jowl?---
" Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my ſoul."

To whom the Dame, with elevated chin,
Wide ſtaring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin:

" Yes, ſure as dat my ſoul is to be ſav'd,
" So ſure de dirty raſcals ſal be ſhav'd---
" Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's ſon---
" And curſe me if *I* do not ſee it done:
" De barbers ſoon der naſty locks ſal fall on,
" Nor leave one ſtanding for a Louſe to crawl on.
" If on der ſkulls de razor do not ſhine,
" May gowns and petticoats no more be mine---
" Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all ſal go to pot
" For ſuſh curs'd naſtineſs, or I'll be rot;
" Or elſe to Strelitz let me quickly fly
" Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouſe to de eye;
" Where from his own mock trone de Prince ſo great,
" Can jomp into anoder Prince eſtate---
" Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
" No ſingle louſy raſcal ſal go free."

Reader, thou raiſeſt both thy marv'ling eyes,
In all the ſtaring wildneſs of ſurpriſe;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fancieſt *gentlewomen* could not ſwear:
Go, fool, and ſeek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damſels of the flood;
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingſgate their ſprats and crabs;
Tell them their fiſh all ſtink, and thou wilt hear
Whether that *gentlewomen* ever ſwear:
Nay, viſit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleneſs inflames;
Lo! thou ſhalt find, by many a naughty word,
They uſe ſmall ceremony with the Lord,
In ſpite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

" Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the KING replied,
" Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

" Yes,

" Yes, yes, if I am Maſter of this houſe;
" Yes, yes, the locks ſhall fall, and then the Louſe."

He ſpoke---and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he ſhook, that ſhook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
Shook, when he ſwore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

" Yes, (cry'd the KING)---Yes, yes, their curls ſhall quake;
" But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS DRAKE?"

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whoſe wondrous actions ſeem almoſt romances;
Who ſhone in ſenſe profound, and bloodieſt wars,
And rais'd the Nation's glory to the ſtars:
Who firſt in triumph ſail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd:
But HE who ſculks around the Royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,

Let

Lets fly, to ſtrike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a clever, at his head.
Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic ſhore:
To Pagans gave the Goſpel's ſaving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midſt a barb'rous race;
Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who ſees the ſpoons and plates are bright;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal ſtomachs, *keen:*
Not *he*, whoſe martial frown whole kingdoms ſhook,
But he whoſe low'ring viſage ſhakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars:
Napkins and damaſk table cloths aſſails
With ſciſſars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails;
Who dares with Doylies deſp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domeſtic rage,

If,

If, like his predeceſſors; he hath grace,
And calls his conqueſts, *perquiſites of place*---
'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important DRAKE, in office big,
Inſtructing cooks to ſpit a gooſe or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the noſe,
And priſons fill'd with Britain's graceleſs foes;
But he who bids the geeſe, his pris'ners, die,
And ſtuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
Sits, Wiſdom-fraught, at that important board
With wiſe compeers, in Judge-like order ſtudying,
Whether the KING ſhall have a tart or pudding.
'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran:
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
Should give to any man, another's due!

Muse, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that * ſnug room, the ſcene of ſhrewd remark,
Whoſe window ſtares upon the ſaunt'ring park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling ſinner,
In chop-fall'n ſadneſs, counts the trees for dinner:
In that ſnug room where any man of ſpunk
Would find it a hard matter to get † drunk;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret ſhow their roſy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fiſh,
All club their joints to make one *handſome* diſh:

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed ſtrange by my *country* readers—but it is nevertheleſs true.

Where

Where ſtew-pan covers ſerve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and ſpoons are never ſeen:
Where pepper iſſues from a paper bag,
And for a crewet ſtands a brandy cag:
Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often ſits
Like ſome old tabby in her mouſing fits,
Demurely ſquinting with majeſtic mien,
To catch ſome fault to carry to the QUEEN:

In that ſnug room, like thoſe immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID ſpeaks---
Around the table, all with ſulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, ſat the Cooks:
At length with phiz that ſhow'd the man of woes,
The ſorrowing King of ſpits and ſtewpans roſe;
Like PAUL at Athens, very juſtly ſainted,
And by the charming bruſh of Raphael painted,
With outſtretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearleſs thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;

Whilſt

Whilſt gaping round, in mute attention ſit
The poor forlorn diſciples of the ſpit.
" Cooks, ſcullions, hear me ev'ry mother's ſon---
" Know that I reliſh not this Royal fun:
" GEORGE thinks us ſcarcely fit ('tis very clear)
" To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear."
" Guts to a bear!" the cooks upſpringing, cry'd---
" Guts to a bear," the Major loud replied.
" Guts to the devil," roar'd the cooks again,
And toſs'd their noſes high in proud diſdain;
The plain tranſlation of whoſe pointed noſes
The reader needeth not, the bard ſuppoſes:
But if the reaſon ſome dull reader looks,
'Tis this---whatever Kings may think of cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born things;
Cooks are poſſeſs'd of ſouls as well as *Kings*.
Yet are there ſome who think (but what a ſhame!)
Poor people's ſouls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated

Adulterated braſs---baſe ſtuff---abhorr'd---
That never can paſs current with the LORD;
And think, becauſe of wealth they boaſt a ſtore,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
Witneſs the ſtory that my Muſe, with tears,
Relates, O Reader, to thy ſhrinking ears.
With feeble voice and deep deſponding ſighs,
With ſallow cheek and pity-aſking eyes,
A wretch by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd:
The NABOB, turkey-like, began to ſwell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
" Oh! Sir," the Supplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
" Tho' I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
" And *you* with gold and ſilver cover'd o'er,
" There won't, in heav'n ſuch difference take place,
" When we before the LORD come face to face.

" *You* face to face with *me?*" the Nabob cry'd,
In all the inſolence of upſtart pride:
" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear?
" Damme I'll kick you, if I catch you there."
Oh, ſhocking blaſphemy! oh, horrid ſpeech!
Where was the fellow born? the wicked wretch!
So black an imp would pull, I do ſuppoſe,
A bulſe of di'monds from a BEGUM's noſe;
Or make, like DOULAH, careleſs of his ſoul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major ſaid, " my brethren, pray,
" If force muſt ſnatch our firſt delights away?
" Relentleſs ſhall the Royal mandate drag
" The hairs that long have grac'd this ſilken bag?
" Hairs to a barber ſcarcely worth a fig,
" Too few to make a foretop for a wig:
" Muſt razors vile theſe locks ſo ſcanty ſhave,
" Locks that I wiſh to carry to my grave;

" Hairs,

" Hairs, look my lads, ſo wonderfully thin---
" Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?"
" Yes, that ſhe hath, (exclaim'd a Cook) by G-d,
" A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
" Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely briſtles---
" Curſe me, I'd rather kiſs a bunch of thiſtles.
" Oh! were it but His Majeſty's commands
" To give her gentle jawbones to theſe hands,
" I'd ſhave her, like a puniſh'd ſoldier, *dry*---
" No killing ſow ſhould make a ſweeter cry—
" I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin—
" I'll anſwer for't I'd make the devil grin—
" The razor moſt deliciouſly ſhould work—
" I'd trim her muzzle—yes, I'd ſcrape her pork——
" I'd teach her to ſome purpoſe to behave,
" And ſhow the witch the nature of a ſhave—
" Oh! woman, woman! whither lean or fat,
" In face an *angel*, but in ſoul a *cat*."

He

He ended—when each mouth upon the ſtretch,
Crown'd with a loud horſe-laugh the claſſic ſpeech.

Too ſoon, alas! reſentment ſeiz'd the hour,
And JOKE reſign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the ſudden ſunny ſky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each ſcowling eye;
Whilſt GRIEF returning took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and ſadden'd ev'ry mien:
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is grief diſpos'd to bring down faces.

" Son of the ſpit," the Major, ſtrutting, cry'd,
" I like thy ſpirit, and revere thy pride:
" I'd rather hear thee than a Biſhop preach,
" For thou haſt made a very pretty ſpeech.
" Such is the language that the gods ſhould hear,
" And ſuch ſhould thunder on the Royal ear.

" Yet

" Yet, ſon of dripping, tho' thou ſpeak'ſt my notions,
" We muſt not be too nimble in our motions ——
" Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
" Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.
" And yet again I bid you ſtand like rocks,
" And battle for the honour of your locks.
" Lo! in theſe aged hairs is all my joy—
" To ſhave them, is my *Being* to deſtroy.
" What's life, if life has not a bliſs to give—
" And if unhappy, who would wiſh to live?
" CONTENT can viſit the poor ſpider'd room,
" Pleas'd with the coarſe ruſh mat and birchen broom;
" Where parents, children, feaſt on oaten bread,
" With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
" Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
" Sweet ſouls, tho' ragged as young colts or rams;
" Where calmly ſleep the parents with their darlings,
" Tho' nibbled by the fleas as thick as ſtarlings;

" Lull'd to their reſt, beneath the coarſeſt rugs,
" Dead to the bitings of a thouſand bugs.

" CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *ſimple* things,
" And envies not the ſtate of Queens or Kings:
" Can dine on ſheep's head, or a diſh of broth,
" Without a table, or a table cloth;
" Nor wiſhes with the faſhionable groupe,
" To viſit HORTON's ſhop for turtle ſoupe:
" Can uſe a bit of packthread for a jack,
" And ſit upon a chair without a back:
" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
" And uſe a wooden ſkewer for a fork.
" Sweet maid! who thinks not ſhoes of leather ſhocking,
" Nor feels the horrors in a worſted ſtocking:
" Her temper mild, no huckaback can ſhock,
" Tho' for her lovely limbs it forms a ſmock:
" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that ſhade,
" No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid:

" Her

" Her breaſt of native plumpneſs ne'er aſpires
" To ſwelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
" To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)
" Stretch'd by a ſuperfluity of corn.
" With Nature's hips, ſhe ſighs not for *cork rumps*
" And ſcorns the pride of pinching ſtays or jumps;
" But pleas'd from whalebone priſons to eſcape,
" She truſts to ſimple nature for a ſhape:
" Without a warmingpan can go to bed—
" And wrap her petticoat about her head;
" Nor ſigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
" That ſhade of quality the varniſh'd face:
" Sweet nymph, like doves, ſhe ſeeks her ſtraw-built neſt,
" And in a pair of minutes is undreſt;
" Whilſt all the *faſhionable* female clans,
" Undreſſing, ſeem unloading caravans.
" No matter from what ſource Contentment ſprings;
" 'Tis juſt the ſame in Cooks as 'tis in Kings;

" And

" And if our ſouls are ſet upon our hair,
" Let ſnip-ſnap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
" Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
" And clap, like fools, the edge tool to our ſkulls.
" Tread on a worm, he ſhows his rage and pain,
" By turning on the wounding toe again:
" Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel——
" On the looſe *ſtone*, if chance direct your heel,
" Lo! from its womb the ſudden ſtream aſcends,
" To prove the foot was not among its friends;
" And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
" O'er the fair ſtocking ſpouts the ſable flood."

So ſpoke the Major, with reſentment fir'd---
Spoke like a man---indeed like man *inſpir'd!*
Some critic cries, with ſharp faſtidious look,
" Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook."---
" O ſnarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
" It is not too ſublime for a *Cook Major*."---

" Behold!

" Behold! to remedy our ſad condition,"
The Major cry'd, " I've cook'd up a Petition:
" This carries weight with it, or I'm miſtaken:
" Shall ſhake the Monarch's ſoul, and ſave our bacon---
" Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
" He read ſonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a pariſh clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches:
But (loſt its way) unfortunately ſteers
To fat churchwardens and fat overſeers;
Improves each diſh, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new ſpirit to the ſmutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

YOUR Majeſty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-caſt looks,
That we muſt all be ſhav'd, and put on wigs:
You, SIRE, who with *ſuch honour* wear *your* Crown,
Should never bring on *ours* diſgraces down.

Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry ſprig of hair that on them ſprings—
In France, where men like ſpaniels lick the Throne,
And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who ſwallows privileges like a ſhark.

Be

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance---
We dare your ſacred Majeſty aſſure,
That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France*;
And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.
We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with pow'r ſo dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty ſo true,
What dire deſigning raggamuffins ſaid,
That we your Cooks are ſuch a naſty crew,
Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
My Liege, you can't find one through all our houſe—
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louſe.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
We know not—if a louſe, it was not ours——
To ſhave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—
The act humanity and juſtice ſhocks—
Let him who *owns* the crawler loſe his locks.

But

But grant upon your plate this louſe ſo dread,
How can you ſay, Sir, it belongs to *us*? —
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a louſe?
Nay, grant the fact---with horror ſhould you ſhrink?
It could not eat your Majeſty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
As well as people of *inferior ſtate*----
Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things---
We cannot anſwer for your ſtomach's fate:
For by your ſize we frankly muſt declare---
You feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff than *air*.

My Liege, a Univerſe hath been your foes:
The times have look'd moſt miſerably black---
America hath *try'd* to pull your noſe----
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back:
'Twould be a ſerious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You

You ſee the ſpirit of your Cooks then, Sire---
Determin'd nobly to ſupport their locks:
And ſhould your guards be order'd out to fire,
Their guns may be oppos'd by ſpits and crocks:
Knives, forks, and ſpoons, may fly, with plates a ſtore,
And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, Yeoman of the mouth, declares
He'll join the ſtandard of your injur'd cooks---
Each ſcullion, turnbroche, for redreſs prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks:
Your women too---*imprimis*, Mrs. *Dyer*,
Whoſe eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, Mrs. *Mary*,
With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mrs. *Loman*---
Ann Spencer, guardian of the Neceſſary---
That is to ſay, the neceſſary woman---
All theſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, ſo fierce, determine
To join us in the cauſe of hair and vermine.

There's Miſtreſs *Stewart*—Mr. *Richard Day*,
Who find your Sacred Majeſty in linen---
Are ready to ſupport us in our fray---
You can't conceive the paſſion they have been in---
They ſwear ſo much your ſcheme of ſhaving hurts,
You ſhan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or ſhirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curſe the ſcheme,
And ſay whate'er we do, the world won't blame us---
So *Comber* ſays, who gives you milk and cream----
And thus your old friend, Mr. *Lewis Ramus*.
We think your ſacred Majeſty would mutter
At loſs of ſugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppoſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, that Miſtreſs *Knutton*
And Miſtreſs *Maiſhfield*, fierce as tyger cats;
One Overſeer of all the beef and mutton,
The other Lady Preſident of ſprats----
Suppoſe in oppoſition to your wiſh,
This locks away the fleſh, and *that* the fiſh?

Suppoſe

Suppoſe *John Clarke* refuſe ſupplies of muſtard,
So neceſſary to your beef and bacon?
Will Roberts all the apple-pie and cuſtard,
Your Majeſty would growl, or we're miſtaken——
Suppoſe that *Wells*, a ſtubborn temper, ſtudying,
Should take the plums off from the Sunday pudding?

Suppoſe that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?---
We mean the man who all the tallow handles---
Suppoſe he daring locks up all the lights---
How could your Majeſty contrive for candles?
You'd be (excuſe the freedom of remark)
Like *ſome* Adminiſtrations---in the *dark*.

We dare aſſure you that our grief is great---
And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
To ſee your ſacred Majeſty beſet
By ſuch a graceleſs gang of idle pages---
And with ſubmiſſion to your judgement, Sire,
We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a lyar.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fiat*,
The barbers ſhould attack our humble head,
And that we ſhould not chuſe to breed a riot,
Becauſe we might not wiſh to loſe our bread;
Say, would the triumph o'er each harmleſs Cook
Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble---
WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and ſtate,
And got the better in that famous ſquabble:
Poor was the victory you wiſh'd to win,
That ſat the mouth of EUROPE on the *grin*.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen, roaring,
All ready in rebellion, ready now to riſe---
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard againſt a wig-ſurpriſe:
" *Yours* is the hair (they cry) th' Almighty gave ye,
" And not a King in Chriſtendom ſhould ſhave ye."

Lo!

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carried much too far----
Then pray, Sir, liften to your faithful Cooks,
Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
Loud roars our band, and obftinate as pigs,
Cry, "Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs."

11 7 49

THE END.

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